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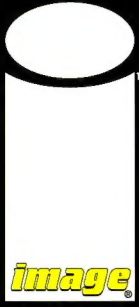

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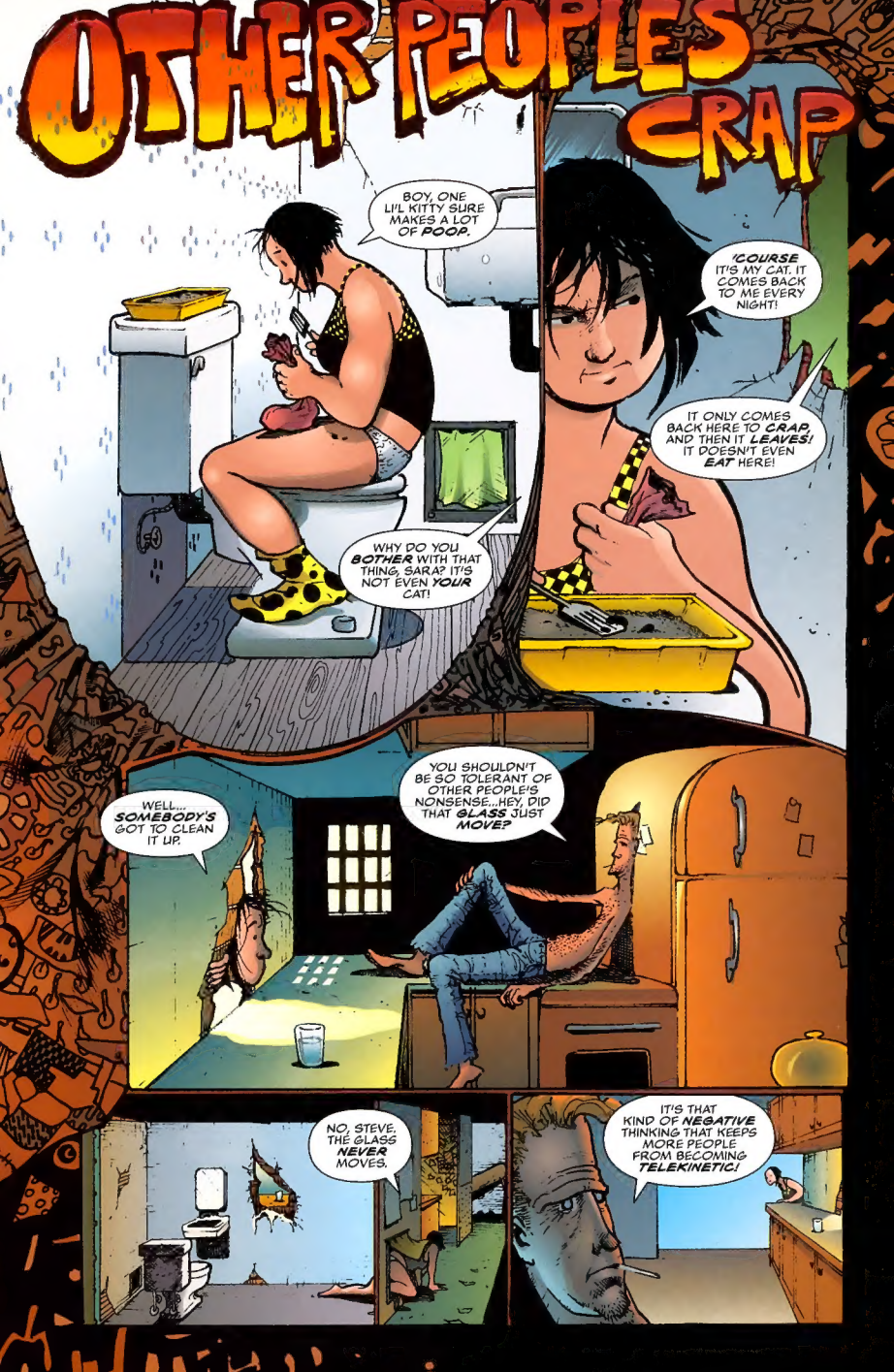
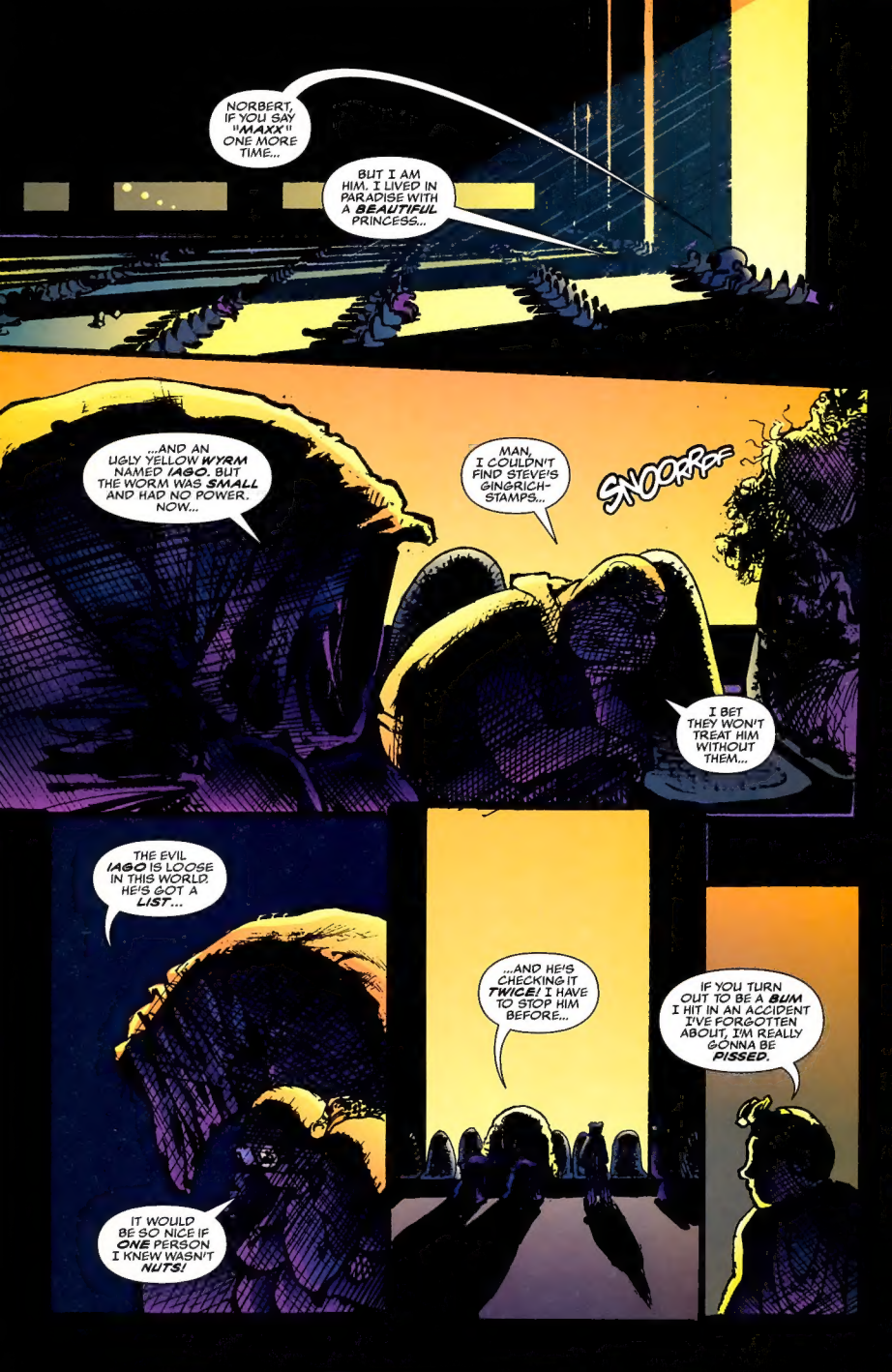
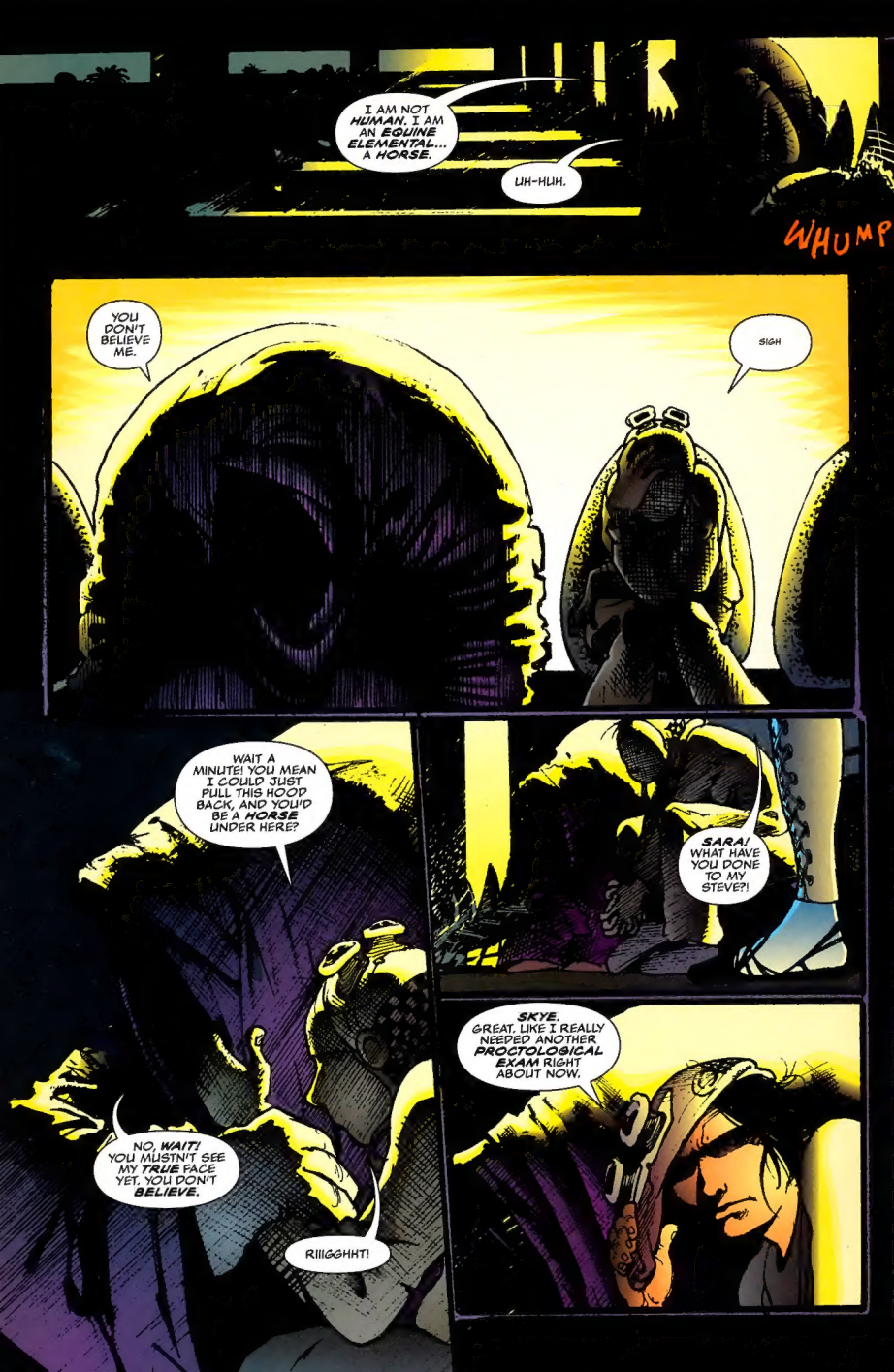
HEY, MISTER DOWN-AND-OUT!
AFFIRM YOUR BELIEF IN THE INSTITUTIONS THAT SUPPORT YOU.
START A SCHOOL SAFETY CAMPAIGN.
DONATE TO YOUR LOCAL CHURCH OR SYNAGOGUE.
LET OTHERS KNOW YOU CARE.
CRUNCH
TAKE THE RISK OF CLOSENESS.
ADOPT A PET.
REMEMBER, SELF-DOUBT SEEMS MORE OVERWHELMING WHEN YOU'RE TIRED.

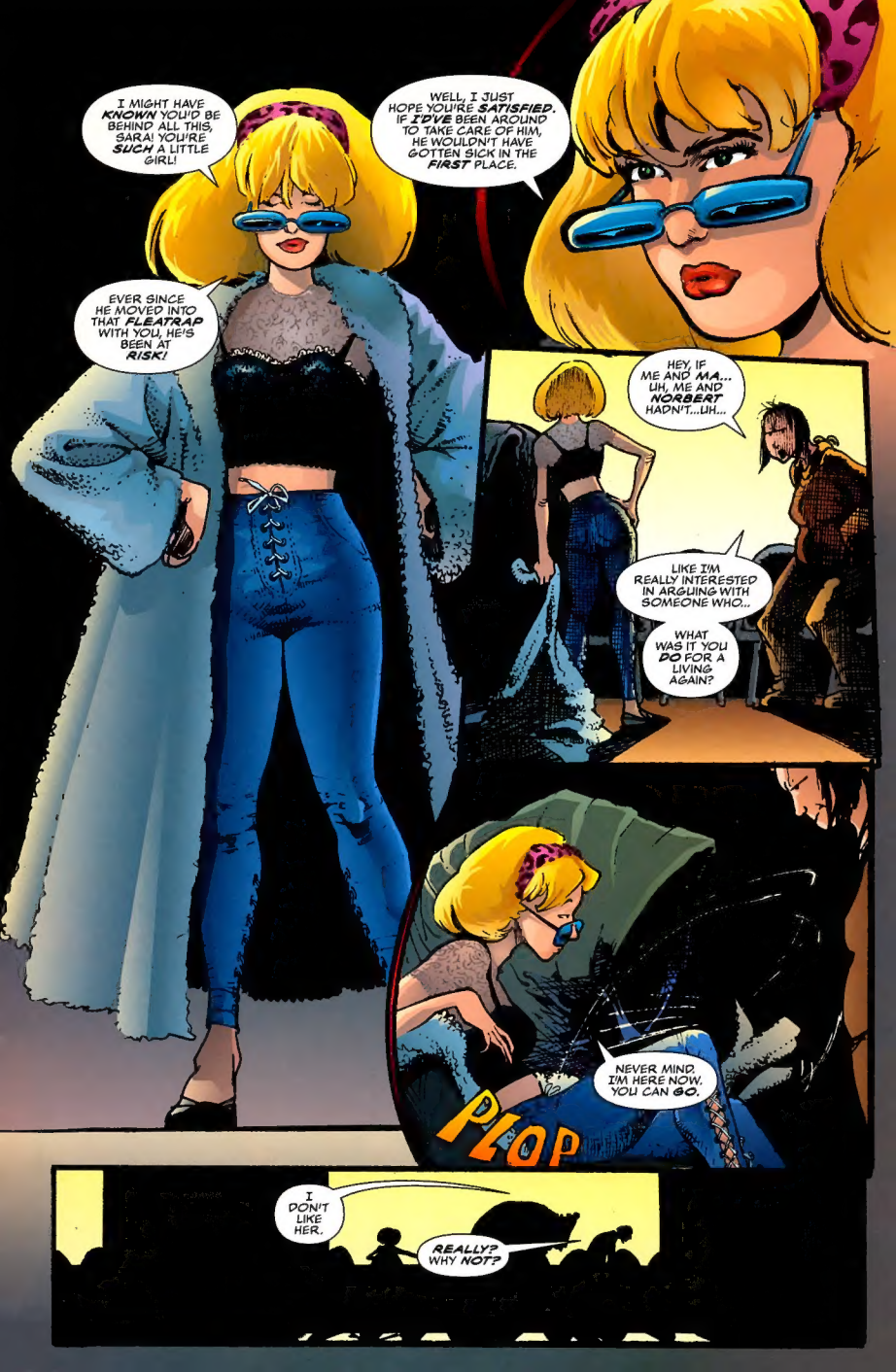

OTHER PEOPLES CRAP
BOY, ONE LI'L KITTY SURE MAKES A LOT OF POOP.
'COURSE IT'S MY CAT. IT COMES BACK TO ME EVERY NIGHT!
IT ONLY COMES BACK HERE TO CRAP, AND THEN IT LEAVES! IT DOESN'T EVEN EAT HERE!
WHY DO YOU BOTHER WITH THAT THING, SARA? IT'S NOT EVEN YOUR CAT!
WELL... SOMEBODY'S GOT TO CLEAN IT UP.
YOU SHOULDN'T BE SO TOLERANT OF OTHER PEOPLE'S NONSENSE...HEY, DID THAT GLASS JUST MOVE?
NO, STEVE. THE GLASS NEVER MOVES.
IT'S THAT KIND OF NEGATIVE THINKING THAT KEEPS MORE PEOPLE FROM BECOMING TELEKINETIC!

YEAH, ADVICE FROM A GUY WHO TRIES TO SOLVE HIS PERSONAL PROBLEMS BY MOVING A GLASS OF WATER WITH HIS MIND.
SO WHAT'S IN THE POT?
IT'S AN URN.
OKAY, SO WHO'S IN THE POT?
GRANDPA. DAD GAVE HIM TO ME YESTERDAY.
IT KINDA CREEPS ME OUT. CAN YOU HIDE IT AWAY ON TOP OF THE FRIDGE?
YOUR GRAMPS ISN'T THE UNDEAD GHOST OF THE HOMOSEXUAL DIRECTOR OF A HIDDEN DOMESTIC SPY RING, WAS HE?
NOPE. HE WAS A SHRINER. WHY?
JUST A PREMONITION.
I GET THESE FLASHES OF INSIGHT, YOU KNOW.
YES, YOU'RE AN EXCEPTIONAL PERSON. I JUST WISH OCCASIONALLY YOU'D GET A FLASH OF REALITY.
UFO
REPORT
ESP
AND
GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENTS
BRAIN FOOD
X-FILES
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WITH YOUR MIND
EDGAR CAYCE
MIND POWER
NEVER MIND.

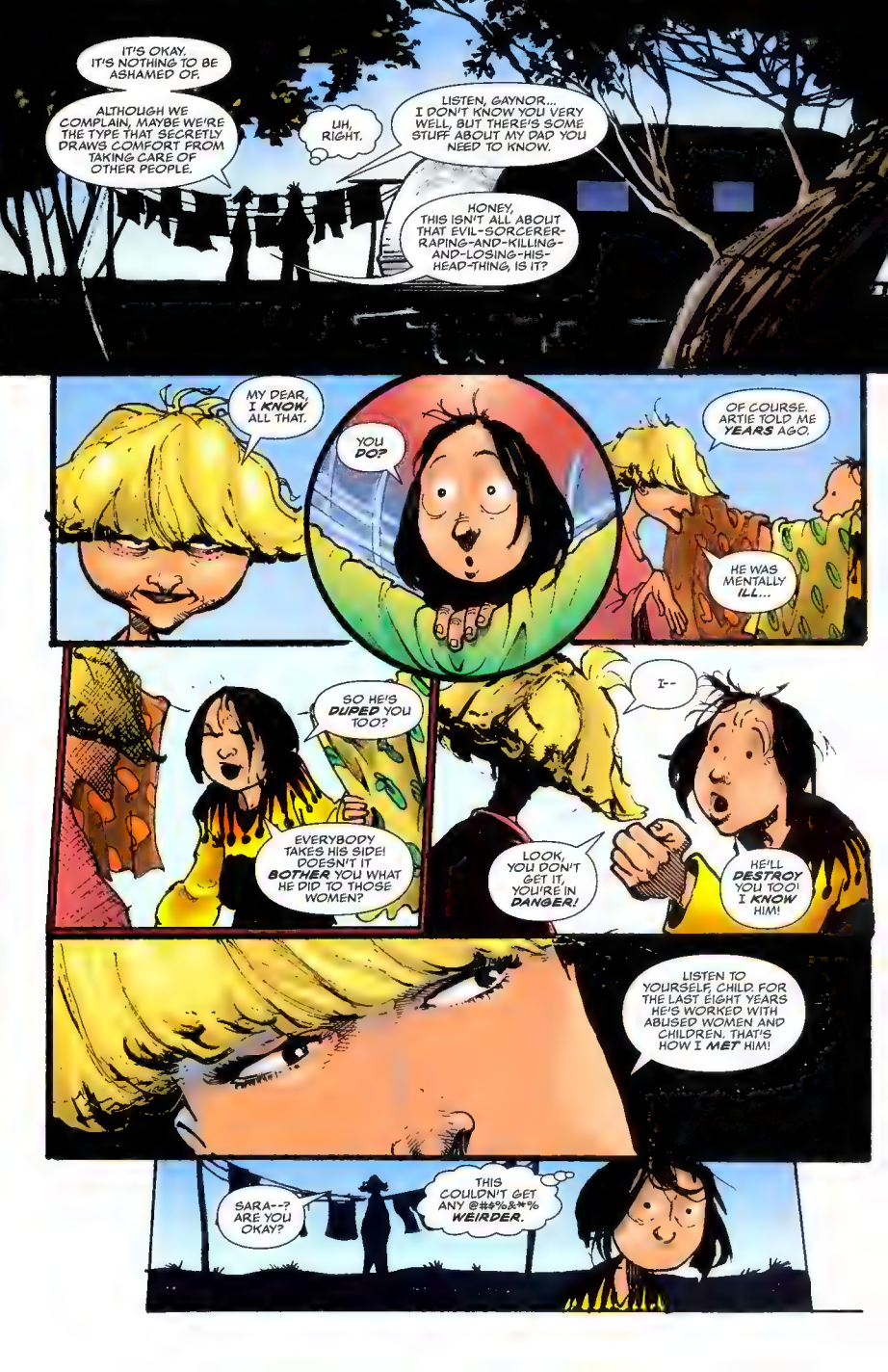
3 A.M.
ARRRGHHH!
STEVE...
GNAAHH. I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD, SARA.
OH, GEEZ. GET UP, STEVE. I GOTTA GET YOU TO A DOCTOR. I CAN'T CARRY YOU MYSELF. I NEED HELP...
OH GREAT. WHAT NOW?
SARA, IT'S ME!
NORBERT!
NO... THE MAXX! I NEED TO TALK TO YOU, SARA.
I'LL CARRY YOUR FRIEND TO THE TRIAGE-CLINIC. I APPEARED IN THE NICK OF TIME BECAUSE I AM...
THE MAXX!
GNAUUH.

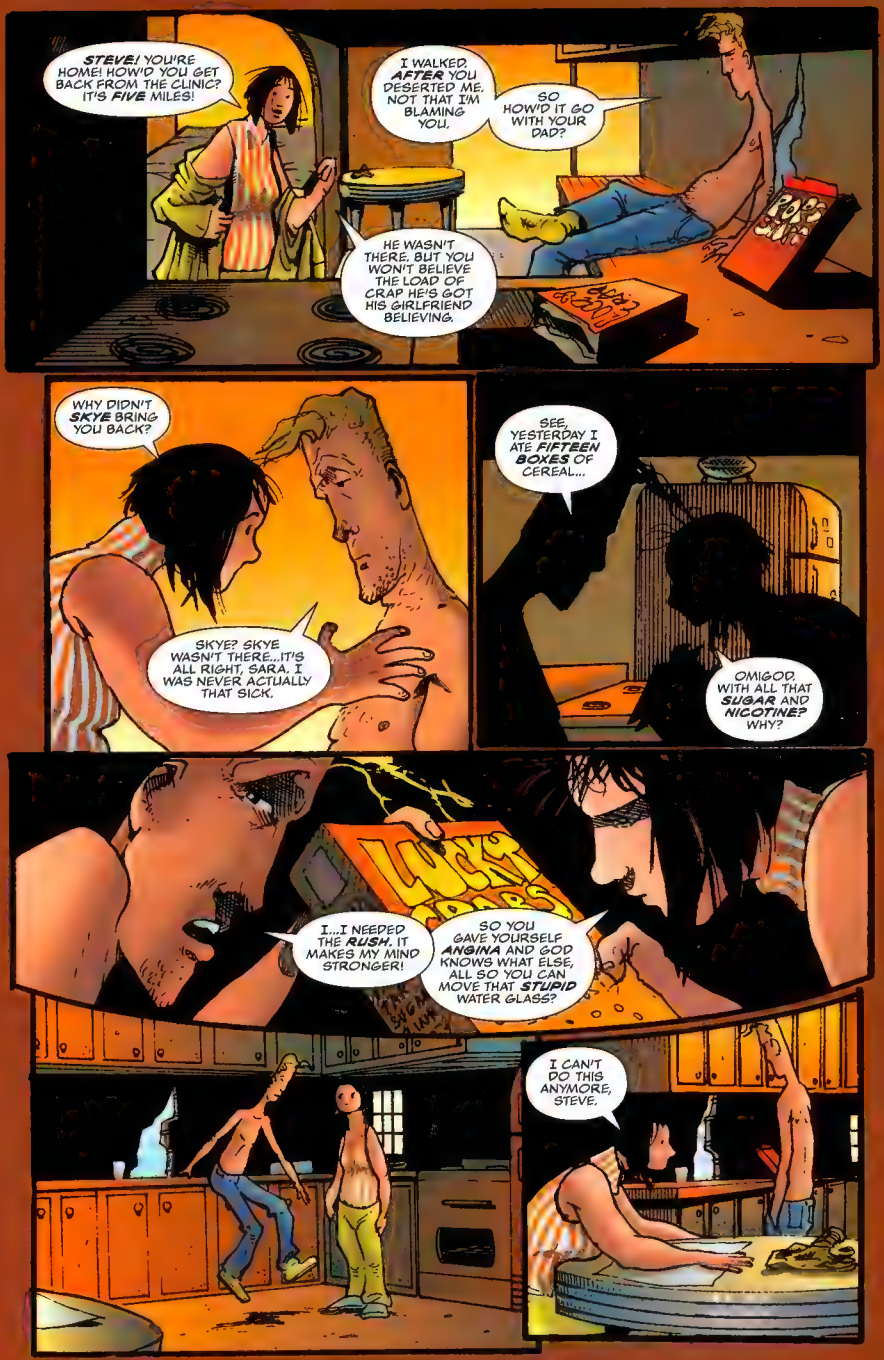

NORBERT, IF YOU SAY "MAXX" ONE MORE TIME...
BUT I AM HIM. I LIVED IN PARADISE WITH A BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS...
...AND AN UGLY YELLOW WYRM NAMED IAGO. BUT THE WORM WAS SMALL AND HAD NO POWER. NOW...
MAN, I COULDN'T FIND STEVE'S GINGRICH-STAMPS...
SNOORF
I BET THEY WON'T TREAT HIM WITHOUT THEM...
THE EVIL IAGO IS LOOSE IN THIS WORLD. HE'S GOT A LIST...
IT WOULD BE SO NICE IF ONE PERSON I KNEW WASN'T NUTS!
...AND HE'S CHECKING IT TWICE! I HAVE TO STOP HIM BEFORE...
IF YOU TURN OUT TO BE A BUM I HIT IN AN ACCIDENT I'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT, I'M REALLY GONNA BE PISSED.

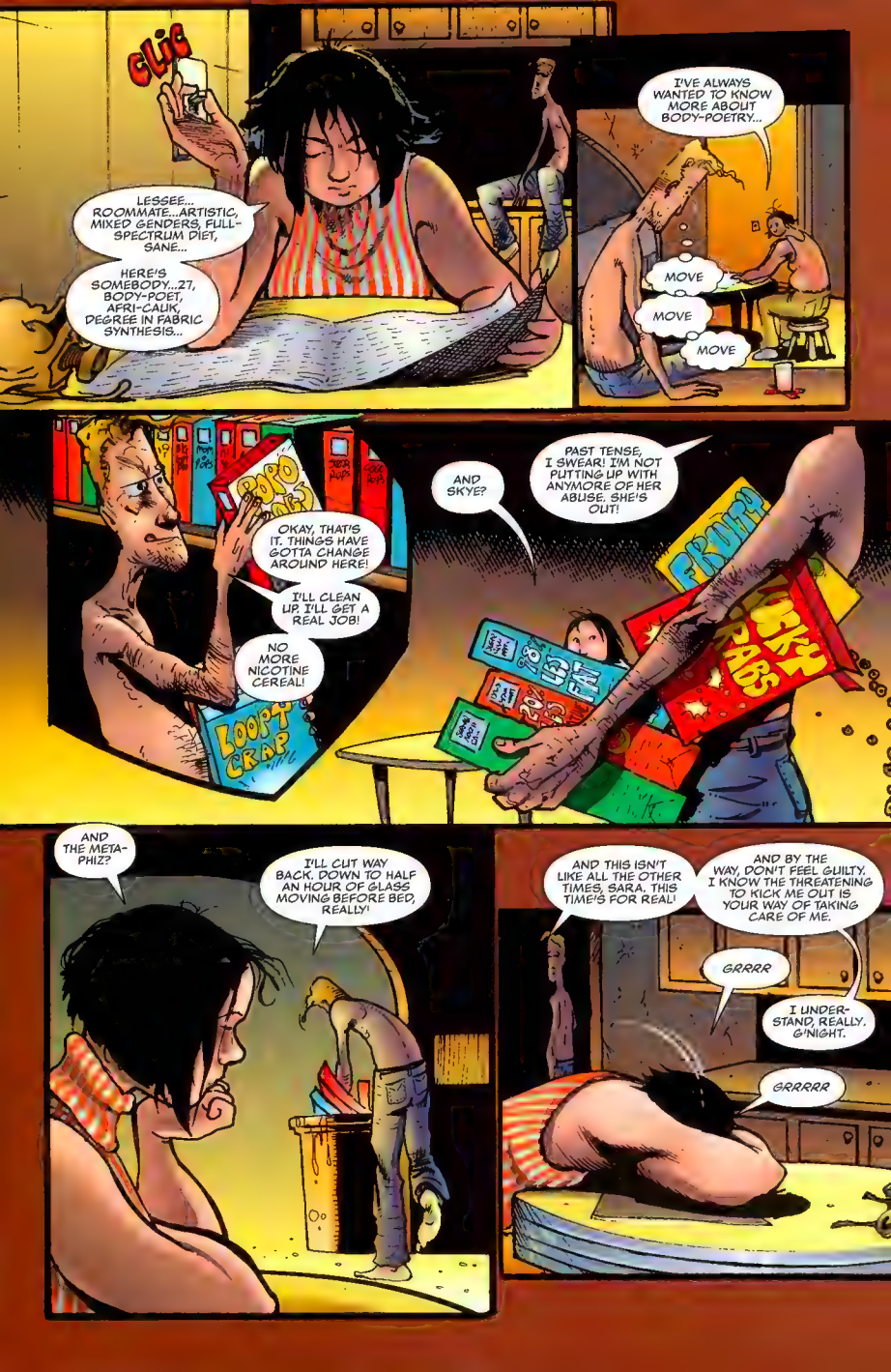

I AM NOT HUMAN. I AM AN EQUINE ELEMENTAL... A HORSE.
UH-HUH.
WHUMP
YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME.
SIGH
WAIT A MINUTE! YOU MEAN I COULD JUST PULL THIS HOOD BACK, AND YOU'D BE A HORSE UNDER HERE?
SARA! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY STEVE?!
NO, WAIT! YOU MUSTN'T SEE MY TRUE FACE YET. YOU DON'T BELIEVE.
RIIIGGHHT!
SKYE. GREAT. LIKE I REALLY NEEDED ANOTHER PROCTOLOGICAL EXAM RIGHT ABOUT NOW.

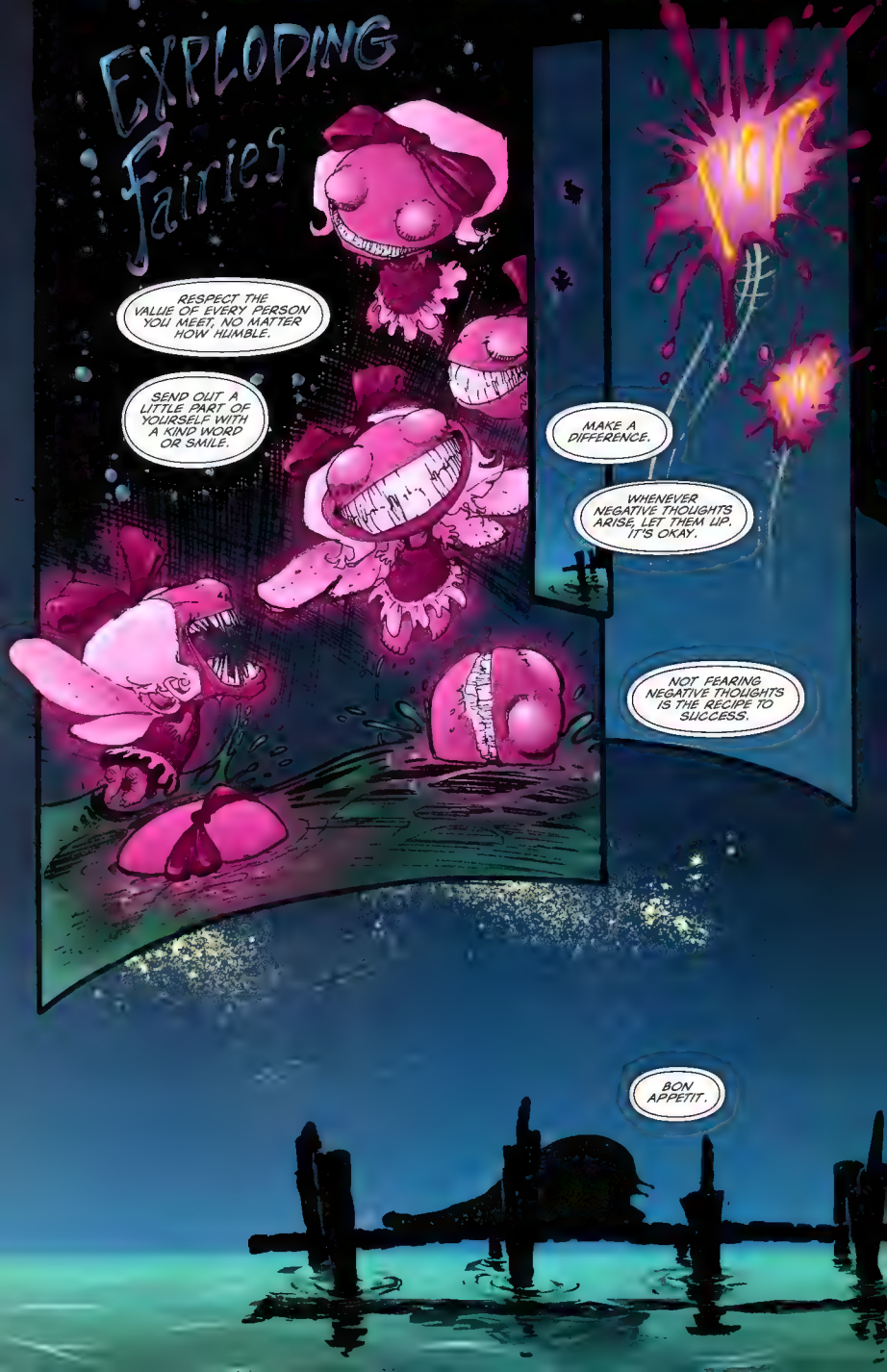

I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU'D BE BEHIND ALL THIS, SARA! YOU'RE SUCH A LITTLE GIRL!
WELL, I JUST HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED. IF I'D'VE BEEN AROUND TO TAKE CARE OF HIM, HE WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN SICK IN THE FIRST PLACE.
EVER SINCE HE MOVED INTO THAT FLEATRAP WITH YOU, HE'S BEEN AT RISK!
HEY, IF ME AND MA... UH, ME AND NORBERT HADN'T...UH...
LIKE I'M REALLY INTERESTED IN ARGUING WITH SOMEONE WHO...
WHAT WAS IT YOU DO FOR A LIVING AGAIN?
PLOP
NEVER MIND. I'M HERE NOW. YOU CAN GO.
I DON'T LIKE HER.
REALLY? WHY NOT?

I DON'T KNOW WHY I KEEP COMING BACK HERE TO TALK TO DAD...BUT I HAD TO GET AWAY FROM THAT NORBERT CREEP.
GOD, IT'S HER. THAT GAYNOR CHICK DAD LIVES WITH.
MAYBE I CAN GET AWAY BEFORE...
OH, SARA!
HI, GAYNOR.
I JUST WANTED TO ASK DAD SOMETHING. BUT IT WASN'T IMPORTANT...
ONE DAY I'M GOING TO MURDER THAT MAN. IF YOUR FATHER LEAVES ONE MORE KLEENEX IN HIS POCKETS...
I KNOW. MY ROOMMATE DOES THE SAME THING.
YOU DO YOUR ROOMMATE'S LAUNDRY?
UH... YEAH, SORT OF.

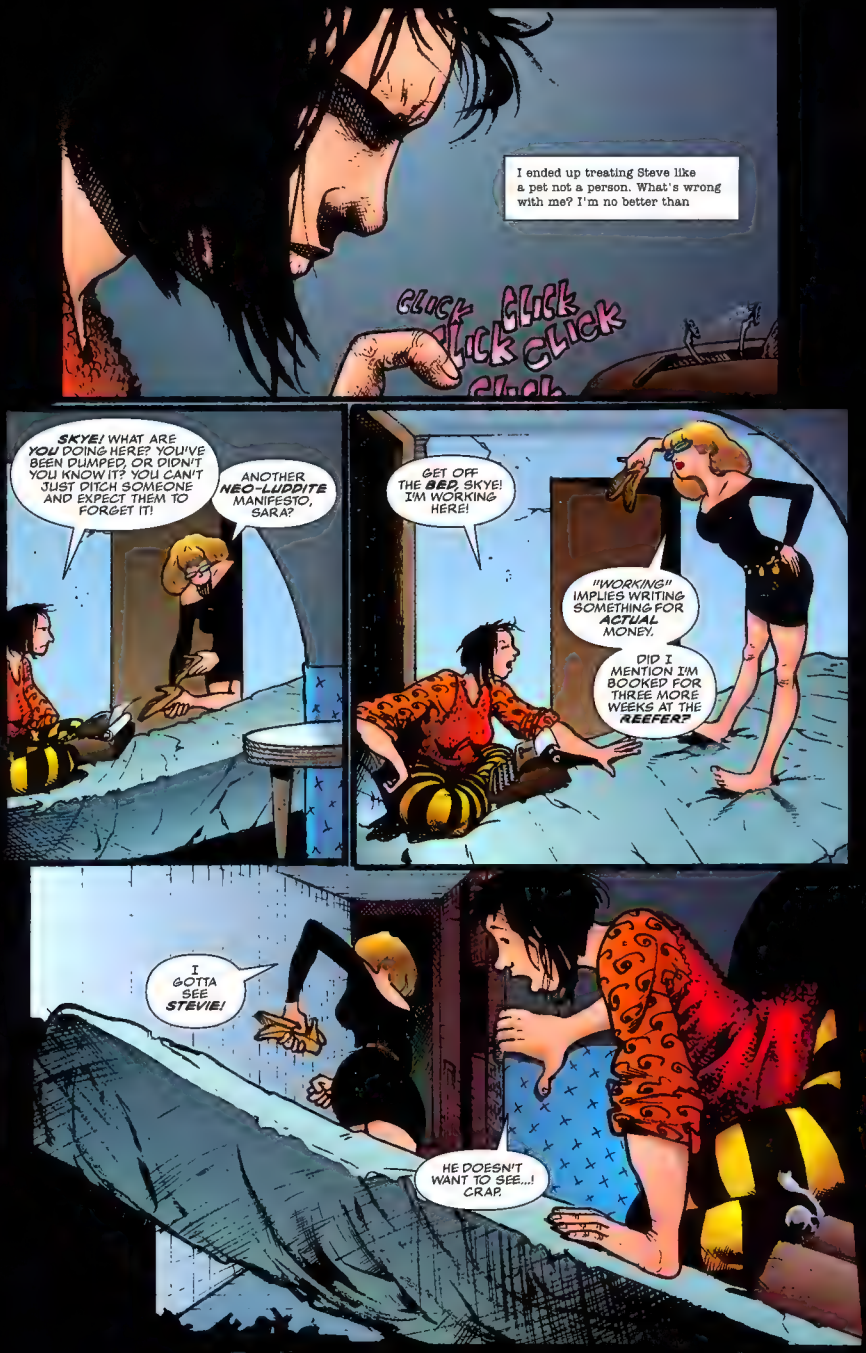

IT'S OKAY. IT'S NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF.
ALTHOUGH WE COMPLAIN, MAYBE WE'RE THE TYPE THAT SECRETLY DRAWS COMFORT FROM TAKING CARE OF OTHER PEOPLE.
UH, RIGHT.
LISTEN, GAYNOR... I DON'T KNOW YOU VERY WELL, BUT THERE'S SOME STUFF ABOUT MY DAD YOU NEED TO KNOW.
HONEY, THIS ISN'T ALL ABOUT THAT EVIL-SORCERER-RAPING-AND-KILLING-AND-LOSING-HIS-HEAD-THING, IS IT?
MY DEAR, I KNOW ALL THAT.
YOU DO?
OF COURSE. ARTIE TOLD ME YEARS AGO.
HE WAS MENTALLY ILL...
SO HE'S DUPED YOU TOO?
EVERYBODY TAKES HIS SIDE! DOESN'T IT BOTHER YOU WHAT HE DID TO THOSE WOMEN?
I--
LOOK, YOU DON'T GET IT, YOU'RE IN DANGER!
HE'LL DESTROY YOU TOO! I KNOW HIM!
LISTEN TO YOURSELF, CHILD. FOR THE LAST EIGHT YEARS HE'S WORKED WITH ABUSED WOMEN AND CHILDREN. THAT'S HOW I MET HIM!
SARA--? ARE YOU OKAY?
THIS COULDN'T GET ANY @#$%&*% WEIRDER.


STEVE! YOU'RE HOME! HOW'D YOU GET BACK FROM THE CLINIC? IT'S FIVE MILES!
I WALKED AFTER YOU DESERTED ME. NOT THAT I'M BLAMING YOU.
SO HOW'D IT GO WITH YOUR DAD?
HE WASN'T THERE. BUT YOU WON'T BELIEVE THE LOAD OF CRAP HE'S GOT HIS GIRLFRIEND BELIEVING.
WHY DIDN'T SKYE BRING YOU BACK?
SKYE? SKYE WASN'T THERE...IT'S ALL RIGHT, SARA. I WAS NEVER ACTUALLY THAT SICK.
SEE, YESTERDAY I ATE FIFTEEN BOXES OF CEREAL...
OMIGOD. WITH ALL THAT SUGAR AND NICOTINE? WHY?
I...I NEEDED THE RUSH. IT MAKES MY MIND STRONGER!
SO YOU GAVE YOURSELF ANGINA AND GOD KNOWS WHAT ELSE, ALL SO YOU CAN MOVE THAT STUPID WATER GLASS?
I CAN'T DO THIS ANYMORE, STEVE.


CLICK
LESSEE... ROOMMATE...ARTISTIC, MIXED GENDERS, FULL-SPECTRUM DIET, SANE...
HERE'S SOMEBODY...27, BODY-POET, AFRI-CAUK, DEGREE IN FABRIC SYNTHESIS...
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW MORE ABOUT BODY-POETRY...
MOVE
MOVE
MOVE
OKAY, THAT'S IT. THINGS HAVE GOTTA CHANGE AROUND HERE!
I'LL CLEAN UP. I'LL GET A REAL JOB!
NO MORE NICOTINE CEREAL!
LOOPY CRAP
AND SKYE?
PAST TENSE, I SWEAR! I'M NOT PUTTING UP WITH ANYMORE OF HER ABUSE. SHE'S OUT!
FRUITY
AND THE META-PHIZ?
I'LL CUT WAY BACK. DOWN TO HALF AN HOUR OF GLASS MOVING BEFORE BED, REALLY!
AND THIS ISN'T LIKE ALL THE OTHER TIMES, SARA. THIS TIME'S FOR REAL!
AND BY THE WAY, DON'T FEEL GUILTY. I KNOW THE THREATENING TO KICK ME OUT IS YOUR WAY OF TAKING CARE OF ME.
GRRRR
I UNDER-STAND, REALLY. G'NIGHT.
GRRRRR


EXPLODING Fairies
RESPECT THE VALUE OF EVERY PERSON YOU MEET, NO MATTER HOW HUMBLE.
SEND OUT A LITTLE PART OF YOURSELF WITH A KIND WORD OR SMILE.
MAKE A DIFFERENCE.
WHENEVER NEGATIVE THOUGHTS ARISE, LET THEM UP. IT'S OKAY.
NOT FEARING NEGATIVE THOUGHTS IS THE RECIPE TO SUCCESS.
BON APPETIT.

NEGATIVE THOUGHTS ARE LIKE BAD FAIRIES WHICH MUST BE FED TO STAY ALIVE.
STARVE THOSE NEGATIVE THOUGHTS!
WITHOUT ANYTHING TO EAT, THEY'LL JUST FLOAT UP AND MAGICALLY DISAPPEAR.
SPLASH
AND REMEMBER, REMOVE DANGEROUS HAZARDS IN THE WORKPLACE. CARING FOR OTHERS' SAFETY IS A SIGN THAT YOU CARE FOR THEM!


I ended up treating Steve like a pet not a person. What's wrong with me? I'm no better than
CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK
SKYE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU'VE BEEN PLUMPED, OR DIDN'T YOU KNOW IT? YOU CAN'T JUST PITCH SOMEONE AND EXPECT THEM TO FORGET IT!
ANOTHER NEO-LUDDITE MANIFESTO, SARA?
GET OFF THE BED, SKYE! I'M WORKING HERE!
"WORKING" IMPLIES WRITING SOMETHING FOR ACTUAL MONEY.
DID I MENTION I'M BOOKED FOR THREE MORE WEEKS AT THE REEFER?
I GOTTA SEE STEVIE!
HE DOESN'T WANT TO SEE...! CRAP.

STEVE, REMEMBER HOW THE DOCTOR SAID YOU SHOULD TAKE IT EASY AND STAY INSIDE...?
LET HIM TELL ME! STEVIE...?
STEVIE!?
THERE YOU ARE! WANNA GO DOWNTOWN TO A HAPPENING? HOME BY TEN... PWOMISS!
GEE, I OUGHTA CHANGE...
YOU'RE FINE. LET'S TRIM!
WELL, I GOTTA BE BACK... I PROMISED TO CLEAN UP AND I GOTTA LOOK FOR A...
WELL, MAYBE JUST FOR AN HOUR... WE'RE GOING TO DREK'S, SARA!
He doesn't care if she breaks his heart. And she sure doesn't care.
SLAM
So what's my problem?

HMM, STEVE NEVER DID COME HOME LAST NIGHT. I HOPE HE'S NOT--
YOU KNOW WHAT, SCREW IT. HE'S A GROWN MAN.
I'VE GOT BETTER THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT.
MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT WHAT GONE'S UP TO WITH THESE LIES HE'S TELLING GAYNOR.
HMM. GUESS NOBODY'S HOME.
MAYBE IF I FOLLOW THOSE HO-HO WRAPPERS...
OH. IT'S YOU.
HEY! YOU'RE BACK!

DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP. I GUESS I'LL GET TO KNOW YOU, NO MATTER HOW PERSONALLY PAINFUL AND REPELLANT IT IS FOR ME.
AND IF YOU EVER HURT GAYNOR, I'LL KILL YOU.
YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT EVERYONE SNOWED, BUT I'M ONTO YOU. YOU CAN'T BUY YOUR WAY BACK INTO SOCIETY WITH THIS "HELPING ABUSED WOMEN" CRAP.
SOUNDS FAIR ENOUGH.
WHY DON'T YOU RELAX. HELP ME BAIT MY HOOKS.
OH, SURE. AND I SUPPOSE YOU'VE GOT A YELLOW WORM NAMED IAGO IN THERE, TOO.
HUH? THESE AREN'T WORMS. THEY'RE BUGS!
THIS ONE, FOR EXAMPLE, IS NAMED MATTOX.
HE'S A SMART LITTLE FELLOW.
HELP ME!

I'M ALWAYS TAKING CARE OF OTHER PEOPLE'S CRAP.
THE CAT'S, YOURS, STEVE'S, SKYE'S.
WHO'S SKYE?
NEVER MIND.
I SWEAR TO GOD, I MUST BE WEARING A SIGN ON MY BACK THAT SAYS "SUCKER!!".
I THINK IT'S MORE THAT IT READS "WILL NURTURE FOR INTIMACY!!".
LIKE I SAID, THE ONLY WAY I CAN GET MY ROOMMATE TO DO ANY CHORES IS TO THREATEN TO KICK HIM OUT.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO THREATEN HIM. YOU HAVE OTHER POWERS AT YOUR DISPOSAL. YOU'RE MY DAUGHTER, REMEMBER?
SPLASH!
GO TO HELL! I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M EVEN TALKING TO YOU!
SARA, WAIT!

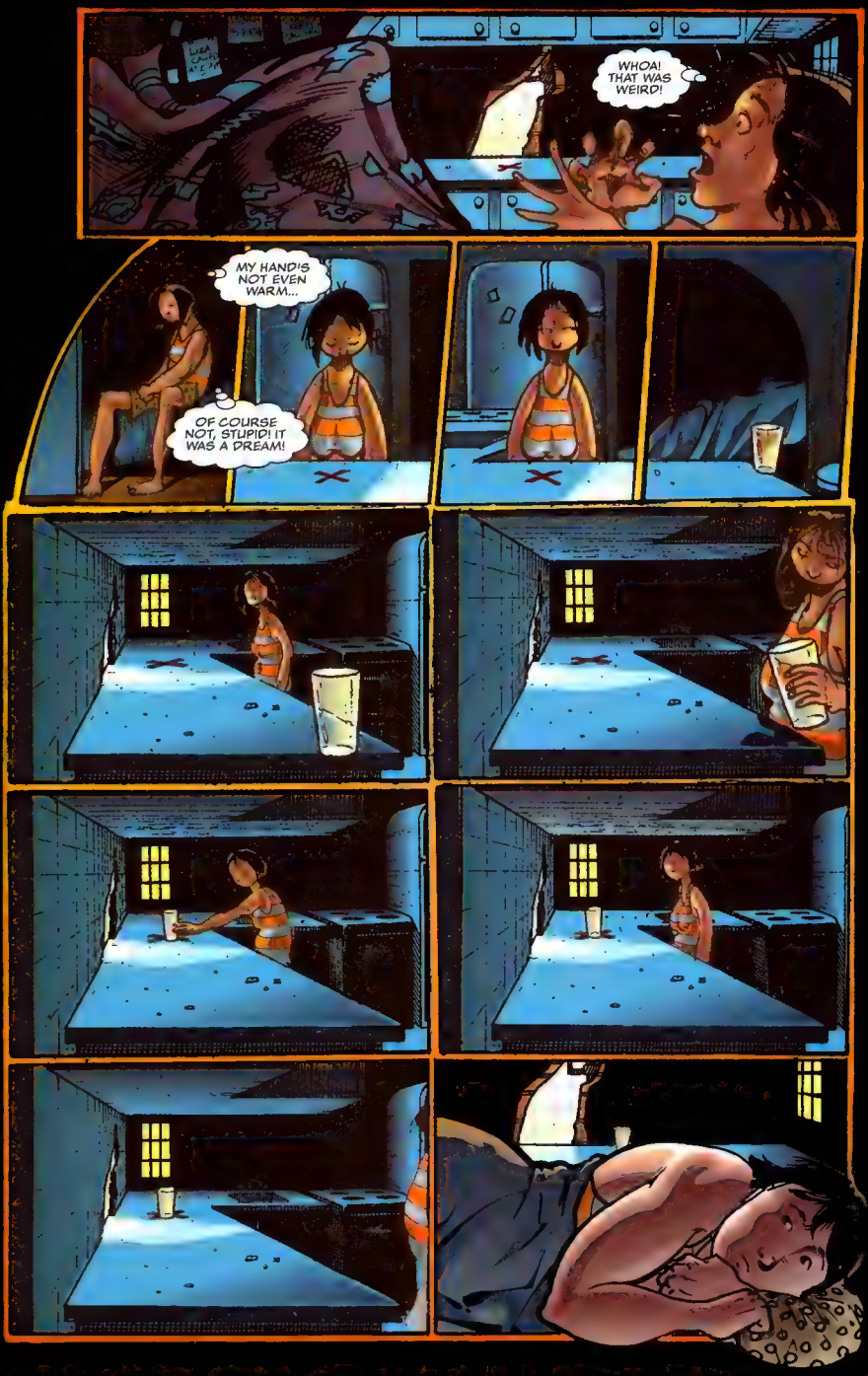
BACK AT HOME.
SARA...SKYE LEFT WITH HER EX-HUSBAND...WHO PUSHED ME OUT OF A WINDOW...I THINK MY LEG'S BROKEN...
STEVE!
I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T REPLACED ME WITH A NEW ROOMMATE YET...SHE HAD ME EAT FIVE CANDY BARS IN THIRTY SECONDS TO SEE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN...I CAN'T SEE...
HE MUST BE NEAR CLUB DREK'S...
SARA!
OH, STEVE!
WHEN I WENT BLIND, SKYE JUST LAUGHED. SHE LAUGHED, SARA.
HOW'S MY LEG?
IT'S THE FIRST FLOOR, STEVE. YOU'LL LIVE.
I DON'T THINK SHE CARES ABOUT ME AT ALL. SHE'S JUST USING ME FOR MY POWERS.
THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE, SARA. YOU'RE MY ONLY FRIEND. ONLY YOU UNDERSTAND.
SHUT UP, STEVE.
YOU'LL SEE... ONE DAY THAT GLASS WILL MOVE, AND EVERYTHING EVERYONE SAYS ABOUT ME WILL BE WRONG.

MY ONLY CHANCE AT HAPPINESS IS MOVING OBJECTS WITH MY MIND.
EVERYBODY IN MY LIFE SEEMS SO LAME. GAYNOR PUTS UP WITH GONE'S LIES, GONE PUTS UP WITH MY ABUSE, STEVE PUTS UP WITH SKYE, AND I PUT UP WITH STEVE. BUT THE QUESTION IS, WHY?
WHY AM I AFRAID TO LET ANYONE TAKE CARE OF ME?
GOD! I HAVEN'T THOUGHT ABOUT HIM FOR YEARS! HE WAS THAT KID IN HIGH SCHOOL THAT HUMILIATED ME!
I REMEMBER I SWORE I'D NEVER OPEN UP TO ANYONE AGAIN...BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. MY SICK MIND HAD ALREADY LEARNED THE LESSON THAT HUMILIATION IS THE PRICE OF LOVE.
JIMMY...!
IT'S LIKE SOMEHOW PART OF ME ACTUALLY BELIEVES THAT I DON'T DESERVE TO FEEL INTIMACY UNLESS I PUT UP WITH SOMEONE'S CRAP.
THAT'S THE SIGN I STUCK ON MY OWN BACK.

...SO THEN I CALLED YOU, AND JUST BEFORE I BLACKED OUT, I THOUGHT I SAW A BIG YELLOW BANANA SLUG LEANING OVER ME... TELLING ME THAT THE GLASS WAS HALF FULL. BUT I COULDN'T HAVE, HUH?
NO, STEVE. YOU JUST MADE IT...
UM...STEVE? THIS BANANA SLUG WASN'T CARRYING A LIST, WAS HE?
I DIDN'T NOTICE. IS IT IMPORTANT?
PROBILY NOT...COME ON LET'S GET YOU HOME.
EXI

WHUMP
WHUMP
WHUMP
I'M SICK OF STEVE'S TRIPS...BUT EVEN IF I CAN'T RELY ON HIM, I DO LIKE HAVING HIM AROUND.
HEY, SARA! I C'N SEE AGAIN!
DO YOU THINK THAT'S PROOF OF MY PARANORMAL POWERS?
NAH. THE NICOTINE POISONING JUST WORE OFF.
I GUESS YOU JUST CHOOSE WHAT CRAP YOU'LL PUT UP WITH...
...AND WHAT YOU WON'T.
OKAY, STEVE. I... AWW. POOR GUY.
zZZzzz.
IF ONLY STEVE COULD DRAW A SENSE OF COMFORT FROM REALITY, INSTEAD OF HATING HIS LIFE SO MUCH HE MUST ESCAPE...
WELL, AT LEAST THINGS ARE BACK TO NORMAL.

FUNNY. MY HAND NEVER GLOWED BEFORE.
GEE, I GUESS I'D BETTER GET SOME WATER ON THIS.
FUNNY, IT DOESN'T HURT...
SCRAPE SCRAPE
SCRAPE SCRAPE SCRAPE
SCRAPE SCRAPE


WHOA! THAT WAS WEIRD!
MY HAND IS NOT EVEN WARM...
OF COURSE NOT, STUPID! IT WAS A DREAM!

Dear Sam,

Wow. It took me a couple of readings before I got "it" but now that I do, I like it. A lot. You and Bill deserve a big hand for this 20-issue masterpiece. This is quite the accomplishment, too, because most comics that I put a lot into usually end up getting cancelled. Thanks for not succombing to such bad luck.

And that's what everything is about, isn't it? Survival. Maxx literally survived being hit by a car. Sarah survived the revelation that Gone was her father. Julie survived the whole experience.

And things weren't all serious, either. You managed to include some great bits of humor, too. The whole revelation that the Hooly can't see was splendid.

You're the man!

John R. Shearer
North Olmsted, OH

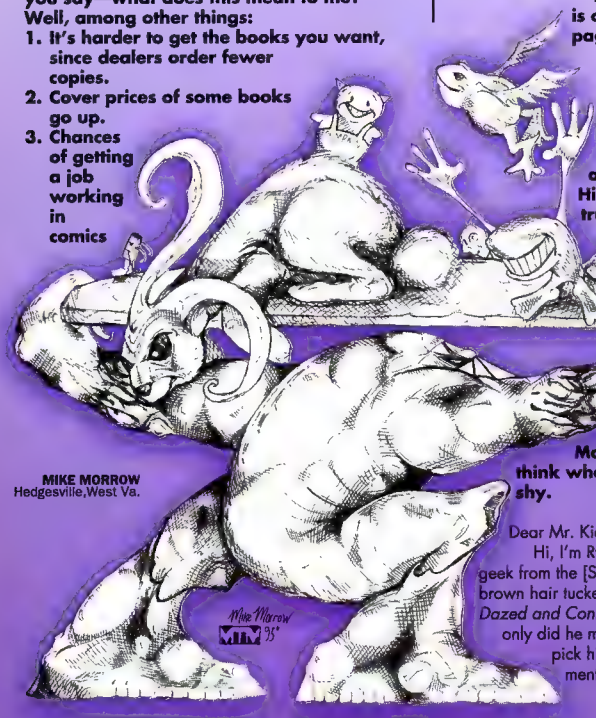
I won't lie to you—things are lean and hungry right now in this business, and just surviving is on every artist's mind. So what, you say—what does this mean to me? Well, among other things:

1. **It's harder to get the books you want, since dealers order fewer copies.**
2. **Cover prices of some books go up.**
3. **Chances of getting a job working in comics are slimmer, since fewer books/companies means more seasoned pros need work.**

Like everybody else, Maxx has been hit, but we're still afloat. I'll make you a deal: I'll keep trying to tell the best stories I can, if you keep supporting my efforts. You may not think that this one book you bought makes a difference, but it does—especially with the way things are going these days. THANXX!

By the way, Bill and I did a new story that'll be out in April. It's #1 in a series called "Friends of The Maxx" that will appear from time to time. This issue is twice the usual Maxx length—48 pages instead of 20 or so—but not twice the price (no small feet—I mean, feat...). We may lose money on this, but I don't give a crap. This is another way to say thanks to you for supporting The Maxx as long as you have.

Now don't panic, but Maxx is only on the first and last pages, to interview the characters. The story is about a guy named "Dude Japan" who's stuck selling organs (no jokes, please) in a mall. He aspires to paint colorbook pages and sell them as art (a la Andy Warhol). His girlfriend drives a tow truck but is under the thumb of her father, who owns the tow truck company. There's also an inflatable doll in the picture... Anyway, that'll be out in April, then we'll be back to The Maxx (#24) in May. Let me know what you think when it comes out. Don't be shy.



MIKE MORROW
Hedgesville,West Va.

Dear Mr. Kieth,

Hi, I'm Ryan's brother. That's right, the geek from the [San Diego] comic con with long brown hair tucked behind his ears like that kid in *Dazed and Confused*. I'm very jealous that not only did he meet you, but that he also got you to pick his flavor of Pez. Maybe you could mention me in your comic so I can even

up the score with my brother who brags and brags about it all day long. Say hi to Bill for me.

Sincerely,
Eli

Maybe this'll even up the score.

Dear Mr. Kieth,

Will Julie's kid have the same Outback? And if so, will the original Maxx return to help him?

Adam Hendricks
Hidden Hills, CA

Remember—everybody has their <u>own</u> Outback.

Dear Sam Kieth,

I didn't think I would ever see anything fun and intelligent on the tube again! The Maxx is fabulous! I didn't realize a comic existed until my boyfriend brought it home one evening. Bravo!

Then I happened upon Steve Purcell's "Sam and Max Hit the Road," a CD Rom game, and had a sudden flash of inspiration. Hope you like it.

Sincerely,
Paula E. Hill
Philadelphia, PA

Cool artwork—sorry not to print it. People have written to ask about this game and if it's connected to Maxx. It isn't. But in the trivia department: long before either <u>Maxx</u> or <u>Sam and Max</u> were created, Steve was pencilling a marvel book and he offered me my first Marvel inking job (which never actually happened). Ain't irony a bitch?

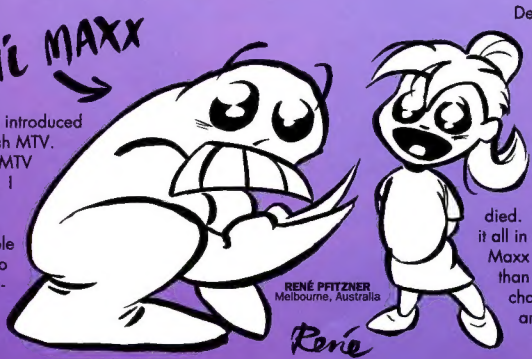
Dear Sam,

I've never had anything bad to say about what people have written in Maxx Traxx. But I just read Chris Olson's first letter in Maxx #20. I was appalled, well not appalled, just stunned. I was stunned because he said that people who discovered Maxx because he was on MTV aren't real Maxxheads. Well, ha ha to him. Not everyone who was introduced to Maxx on MTV was a bully in high school and thinks "The Real World" is high drama. I think that it's great that more people can become Maxx lovers through the tube. In fact, I was introduced to The Maxx through MTV. I don't even watch MTV normally—I hate it. I thought that it was great to have the 'toon so more people could be exposed to The Maxx and, concurrently, identify with him.

So kudos to all the people who found Maxx that way. You're still Maxxheads if you want to be and can identify with other Maxxheads at least a little bit.

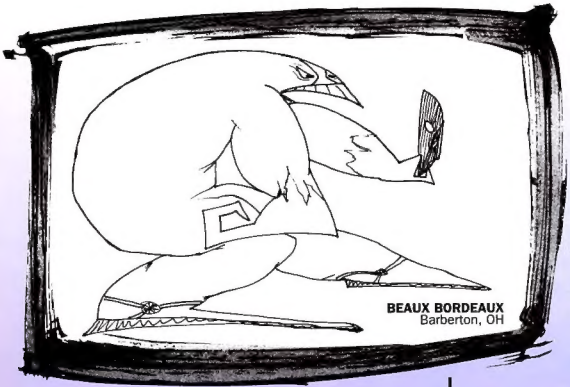
Another thing that disturbs me about Chris' letter was that he seemed to contradict himself with what he said earlier in the *very* poetic little bit at the end of Traxx. How can I rejoice in being a misfit knowing that people who "listen to Bowie or really dig Blade Runner" are considered better than me just because I found out about Maxx on MTV. Chris is expressing that we all fit in because of Maxx, that Maxx makes all us freaks join together, but he previously stated that if you found Maxx on MTV then you weren't a true Maxxhead. Does he make sense?

Thanks for letting me bitch,
but I do have a point to make,
Melissa K.
Brookfield, NH



Dear Sam,

In response to Chris Olson's letter in issue #20—Amen. When I read Chris' letter, I almost cried, and I don't cry easily. Hell, I didn't even cry when my uncle died. But Chris, you said it all in that letter. The Maxx is so much more than a comic book. The characters in The Maxx are a lot like most



BEAUX BORDEAUX
Barberton, OH

Maxxheads—misfits, and I am no exception. We get to see these characters, these misfits, go through the grim reality of life, but that's not all. The Maxx has its humorous side also. Some of the letters you guys print are hilarious and some of the characters like The Hooly and Mr. Gone's head (what's left of it) are even funnier.

The Maxx even lets us misfits listen and respond to fellow misfit Maxxheads through Maxx Traxx and Head to Head. The Maxx is a place for us misfits to escape reality. And what's wrong with that, really. We all need someplace to go away to...some place we can be the people we should've been instead of the people we've become. Some safe place where we can escape reality. Hide. "I know there are things to hide from" (issue #5).

Keep up the great work,
Maxxhead and misfit,
Adam Martray
Alexandria, VA

Sam and Company,
Cow and Chicken RULES! Yo es super-cow. Tell Dave to definitely make this an ongoing 'toon.

Sean Sanberger
Noblesville, IN

Yup Yup—it'll be on the Cartoon Network in the future. Watch for it.

Dear Sam,
If a lamp fell on Maxx, why in the past have you said he found a mask in the mud?

Sincerely,
Jay Nelson
Auburndale, FL

The lamp was in the mud.

Mr. Kieth and fellow Maxxheads,

I'm here to address Jason Quane **[see issue #20]**, and any other Maxxheads out there who might be feeling the same way as him. I've already written him a personal letter (and I hope lots of other folks have, too), so this is for the afore-mentioned others who may be out there. I'll even quote myself from Jason's personal letter:

A person's life is a wheel, and it rolls through many strange lands. Some of them are barren and empty, and some of them are so full and beautiful that it almost hurts the senses. The thing to do during the empty times is to focus on yourself. Find those things that you know and are good at, or those things about yourself you wish to improve, and apply yourself to them with ferocity. As you get bettter at them, you will feel better about yourself and others—hopefully of the opposite sex—will naturally be drawn to you. Maybe you can act; maybe you can draw; maybe you're a hell of a good plumber. Everyone has a gift, and a lesson to teach. NO ONE IS A LOSER!!!

The idea that there are people out there 'cool' enough to read The Maxx, but still not 'cool' enough to realize their own worth, really pisses me off. It is sad that our society, with all its built-in stupidities, should allow such a thing to happen. I, myself, refuse to be a part of such careless ugliness.

Sincerely,
Odes Odhner
Northampton, PA

TUNG NGUYEN
Clayton, Australia

TOP TEN REASONS THAT MAKE THE MAXX THE BEST COMIC

10. A talking head that is starting to rot.
9. Little Isz getting stomped on and crushed.
8. The only comic where you can see a pregnant girl throwing up in a toilet.
7. It's not about some wacko hero with a gun walking around shooting people.
6. You can never know what to expect from Sam Kieth in the next issue **[ain't that the truth!!]**.

5. See a paralyzed rabbit in a box get hit with a shovel (not suggested for people with weak stomachs!).
4. You can watch The Maxx cartoon without worrying if it's going to suck like most other comic-related cartoons **[you know it's going to suck]**.
3. A boy gets his hand sawed off when it ges stuck in a portal to Pangaea.
2. See The Maxx share a dream with Sarah in bed.

And the #1 reason that makes The Maxx the best comic...

1. A giant, oversized rabbit stuck in a purple suit.

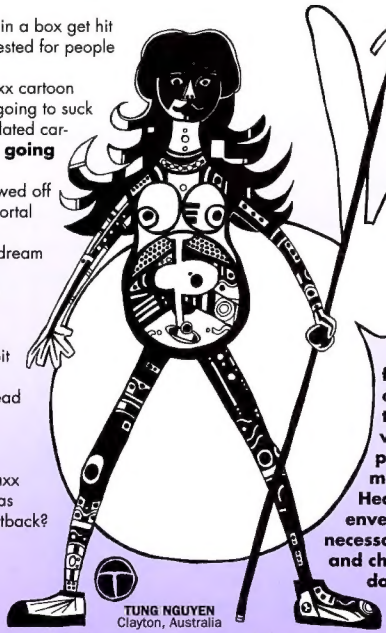
Your #1 Maxxhead
Louis Crisitello

Dear Sam,

Tell Bill the Gen 13/Maxx book was cool, but what was Maxx doin' in that kid's Outback?

See ya',
Brian Windsor
St. Charles, IL

Don't start pulling at the threads of that story, or the whole thing will fall apart!



TUNG NGUYEN
Clayton, Australia

Dear Sam (if that's your real name),

I want you to know that I don't believe you're human. How could someone as cool and creative as you be mortal. I believe you are a powerful alien being who is trying to dominate the human race under the guise of Sam Kieth. You plan to use the Image comic company to recruit human Maxxheads into your stellar army.

Your plan is working. You have entranced me. I will deliver all heathens who speak out against The Maxx to you. You will find them lying on your desk, bound and gagged, awaiting personal punishment.

Long live Sam Kieth, conqueror of worlds!

Jeff Lynch
Cuyahoga Falls, OH

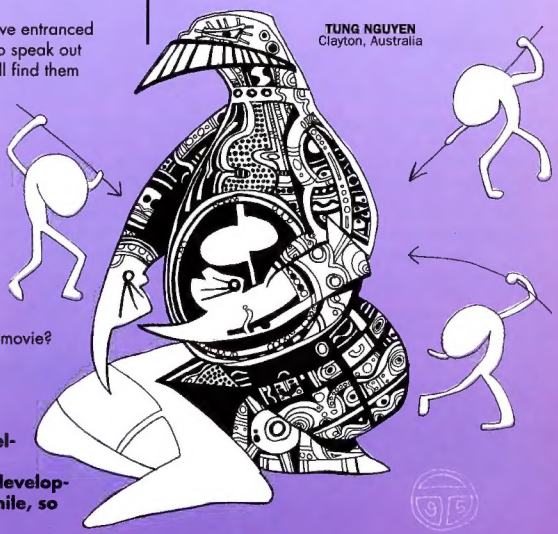
Turn off the TV, Scully. Someone's had a little too much *X-Files* this week.

Dear Sam Kieth,

Why don't you make a Maxx movie? That would be 'way groovy.

Peace and Harmony,
Dustin Armentrout
Rockford, IL

We do have a movie in development at Paramount. The key word here, though, is 'development,' which could last a while, so don't buy your popcorn yet. Bill and I are gonna have to come up with a really good script first...Any ideas? PS/HOUSEKEEPING DETAILS WE GET ASKED ALL THE TIME: No subscriptions or retail sales available/sorry. Use Head to Head to find back issues/fan clubs/whatever. Head to Head is free/25 words or less/one ad per person per month/write "Head to Head" on the envelope/no special form necessary/postcards are cool and cheap (like us). No we don't print all the letters or art we get/too many/yes we do read them ALL/you might get answered or printed or edited/you might not/life's funny that way. B/w art has better chance of being published than color/can't return artwork/sorry. Keep 'em coming/the better the letters and submissions, the better the book!



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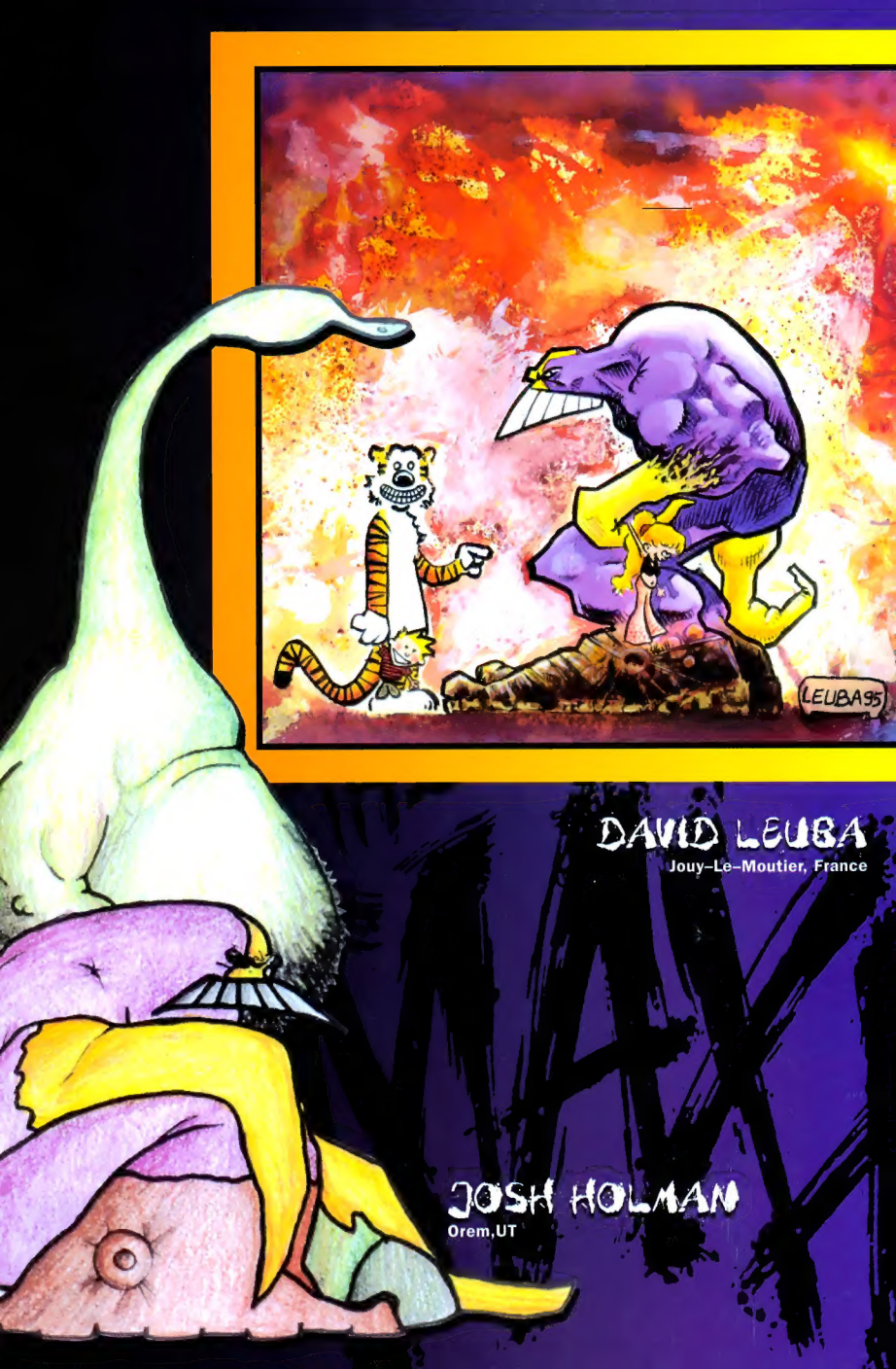

DAVID LEUBA
Jouy-Le-Moutier, France

JOSH HOLMAN
Orem,UT